

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 6, NO. 27.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 22, NO. 37.

## Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture—Agriculture.

### Special Notice.

Agricultural Exchanges and communications for this department, should be directed to "Oxford Democrat," South Paris, Me.

### Country Gentleman.

In the last issue of this paper, the editor has noticed what we said in relation to the charge of being "agent" for the sale of certain fertilizers, and still insists that we did act as agent, and instead of stating precisely the kind of connection we had with the matter, as we stated it, now intimates that we took out in shares, by annulling our "assurances." We wish that gentleman distinctly to understand, that there is precisely the same arrangement now, and all that ever existed, in the matter, and probably it will remain so long as our credit with the commercial public remains no better than it now is. And we ask him as a gentleman and an honest man, to lay before his readers our explanation of our connection with the several fertilizers alluded to.

He also says our language, which he quotes, is "a first-rate puff of Mexican and Chilian guano and Mapes' superphosphate of lime." Does he mean to misrepresent us, or is his memory treacherous? If he will refer to the article in question, he will see we said not one word in commendation of the Mexican and Chilian guano, except with reference to what was presented by the analysis laid before our readers, in which we used those words only. Referring to the analysis of a soil in this County: "By such a comparison, it will be seen these fertilizers are peculiarly adapted to our old and worn-out fields. We intend to try these, the present year, and hope many of our readers will do the same." We then added, with reference to Phosphate and Mapes' Improved Superphosphate of lime: "We use both these, the present year, the first as an experiment and the last as an article we have thoroughly tested."

We wish to add, we have had no connection with this business of which we, or any other honest man need be ashamed. We never have, and never shall consent to our readers, any substance as a fertilizer, until we have by personal experiment thoroughly tested its value, without giving them the grounds of such commendation, the value of which testimony they can estimate as well as ourselves; and we trust we shall be slow to commend any substance as a fertilizer, before we know its practical effect by actual experiment. And we would commend to the very special attention of these gentlemen, the article in the Working Farmer for this month, an extract from which we published this week, in relation to the Chilian Guano matter.

While on this subject, we wish to say most distinctly and emphatically, that after using Mapes' Improved Superphosphate of lime for three years, we are thoroughly convinced of its superior value as a fertilizer for our worn-out lands, and any unprejudiced man, who will come and examine our field of corn, dressed with thirty-five half-dollars of the very best stable manure, per acre, plowed in, and see the difference where the Phosphate was applied and where it was not, must acknowledge its great power as a fertilizer. The corn on the part where the phosphate was not applied, and it is a narrow strip through the middle and best part of the field, is not more than half as large as that on either side where it was used, and full ten weeks later—than where the Phosphate was applied being in full bloom, and the other just showing the spindles. The same difference is shown in the fields of both corn and potatoes by our next neighbor. Can we do otherwise than commend under such circumstances? Should we be "asked" to do this humbly.

**TALL GRASS.** There has been three stalks of Herb grass handed into this office by Mr. S. M. King, of this town, measuring as follows, viz: No. 1, 5 feet 7 inches; No. 2, 5 feet 8 1/2 inches; No. 3, 5 feet 11 1/2 inches. We suppose this to be the tallest evidence of the fertility of the soil of Maine.

**TALL RYE.** The Editor of this paper has a field of winter rye containing about one and one-half acres, the average height of which is about 5 feet 9 inches. Stalks have been picked out by our men, measuring 6 feet 10 inches.

### Barnum's Elephant Farmer.

"He eats on an average one bushel of oats and one hundred pounds of hay per day, Sundays and all. His weight is 4700 pounds. He will accomplish any kind of work set before him, and uses ten times better judgment than three-fourths of the 'help,' which I am obliged to employ on my farm. Above all things he is not an eye servant. Once set him to work plowing, picking stones, or anything else, and you can leave him without fear of his playing 'old soldier' in your absence. Another capital negative quality is, he will not pick up his duds and start for home exactly at six o'clock in the afternoon, as many other farmers' assistants do. He is willing to labor till sundown, and even later, if work is pressing. On the whole, he is a very honorable, industrious, intelligent and well-behaved farmer; nevertheless, I cannot conscientiously recommend elephants as the cheapest workers on a farm. They cannot work in cold weather, and of course would not themselves up, trunk and all in a single winter."

P. T. BARNUM.

### "Fraud in Guano."

It will be recollected by our readers, that we called on Prof. J. J. Mapes, a few weeks since, for information concerning an alleged fraud in the matter of an article called "Chilian Guano." The following is his frank, manly and explicit reply, for which he will accept our thanks, and no doubt those of the farming community. We should like to try a bag or two of this fertilizer, next season on our own farm, if the proprietor will send it to us. Not knowing them, we cannot order it. If this meets their eye, they will please take due note thereof. We are in the habit of making experiments in a small way, or means not allowing us to do more on such fertilizers as promise favorable results.

"In answer to the Editor of the Oxford Democrat, we would say, that some time since, during the full season of the year, the owners of the Mexican Guano applied to us to grind it, at the same time presenting us with an analysis of this guano by Dr. Hayes and others, by which we learned that it was rich in phosphates, but short of nitrogenous matter—that by the addition of Peruvian Guano to supply ammonia for its first action upon plants, and by adding a supply of organic matter of animal origin to secure a continuance of the supply of nitrogen, from its decomposition in the soil, it might be rendered an effective manure."

Those owners of the Mexican Guano then agreed with us to make the experiment, for them, and we did grind, at the expense of a little less than \$5 per ton, 200 tons of their material, and not the immense amount that has been represented. We did this as any miller might grind a quantity of material sent to him for that purpose, having nothing to do with it as a business matter, further than the receipt of the more cost, without profit, of grinding it, while our mills were not wanted for other purposes.

We consulted with the proprietors of this article, and after giving our views, we took their instructions as to its necessary constituents. After the manufacture was completed, they wrote to the Factory, giving orders as to the brand to be placed upon it. These 200 tons were delivered to them at Newark. A small quantity of these two hundred tons was sent to the South, as we were told by its owners, and distributed in the hands of a number of farmers for experiment; and we have also been informed, that the results of its action, as far as known, are entirely satisfactory.

We had nothing to do with the name of this article, and think that selected a bad one, calculated to cause those who purchased, to suppose it to be a different article; but we do not believe that the proprietors in selecting this name had any such motive, but simply to give it a distinctive name, under the full belief on their part, that it was equal in quality to any guano; as they described to us they thus designated it, as no other under that name had ever been in the market. For the purpose of identifying it as a peculiar article in its prepared state, it ceased to be identical with the Mexican Guano.

We have known the proprietors for twenty years or more, and knew them to be men of the highest integrity, and in offering to grind this article, which in its natural state, is too coarse, for use, we did so, not as a matter of profit, but as a matter of accommodation to them, the price charged being only equal to the real cost of the operation. We were also well satisfied then, as we are now, that the quality of the article, as prepared, was unquestionably good, and the certificate of those who have used it will probably settle the fact.

The whole two hundred tons, with the exception of the small quantity sent, is still at Newark, and we are not aware whether the quantity sent South was sold, or distributed simply as a gift for trial, for we had no connection in any way with the sale of the article.

As to the certificate imputed to have been given by us, it is incorrectly stated. We have never given a certificate as such for publication, but we did give to one of the proprietors a private note for the purpose of being shown to two friends, one in Philadelphia, and the other in Baltimore, in which we stated our entire confidence in the views of Dr. Hayes, as well as our confidence in the quality of the article.

As to the mode of preparation of this manure, which has appeared in the Country Gentleman, it is false in every pertinent item.

"As to the analyses which have been published these and elsewhere, we have no doubt that much of the ammonia of the large percentage of Peruvian Guano added, and of the sulphate of ammonia added, may have been thrown out by the excess of lime present in the Mexican Guano; but the sweeping them as to the organic matter, which was composed of dried blood, and of equal amount in weight of any of the ingredients, other than the ammonia, has not been properly alluded to in giving value to its parts; for it will be found in practice to be as valuable as much of the Peruvian Guano which has been sold during the last five years; for after the present ammonia in this guano shall have been consumed, new supplies of nitrogen will be liberated from this dried blood, denominated in the analysis organic matter, thus causing all other constituents to be fairly consumed by growing crops."

In other words, this manure, known as Chilian Guano, is in better balance, its constituents being nearer relatively correct to each other than much of the Peruvian Guano which has been sold.

"We do not understand that the proprietors have made sales of this article, certainly not of that manufactured at Newark,

beyond 30 tons, if at all; but that the experiment made by us for them was to test the article before they entered into its extensive manufacture at Boston or elsewhere, and we supposed that when they ordered the name Chilian Guano to be used, that the object was to secure a fair unbiased trial of its qualities, and although we disapprove of the name, and should have preferred the term Prepared Mexican Guano as its brand, still it was not our business, as we were simply millers in the affair, and had no other part in its manufacture than to grind and mix it as directed, the whole operation being equal to the capacity of our work for ten days only. Of that portion said to have been manufactured at Boston, we have no knowledge; but we do know that the lot now lying at Newark is a superior manure, and will be found so by those who use it.

### Labor and Luxury.

No question at present more interests thinking men among us, than that of the high prices of provisions, and especially of our own farm products. We have already adverted to it, in former articles, and suggested some of the causes which may have tended to produce the present extraordinary state of affairs, such as the diversion of labor from the farm, by the raising of armies engaged in the war in Europe, and the Emigration to California and Australia. But beyond these causes, and deeper in the constitution of society itself, may be found another and more important, because more permanent agent in bringing about this startling condition of things; for we may well so designate a crisis like the present, where the necessities of life have in a few months increased two-fold in their prices, and that, too, in a country where millions of acres of fertile land are offered for sale, at one dollar and a quarter an acre.

It is plain that the labor which should be applied to the soil, is in some way wasted, or bestowed in a wrong direction, for we all know that the well directed labor of a small part of our population, upon the land, would produce a large surplus of all the common articles of food.

An extravagant style of living, a taste for what are properly called luxuries, and a withdrawal of labor, which belongs to the soil, to produce these luxuries—these may, we think, be regarded as prominent among the causes of what may be termed permanent and gradual increase of prices. Let us give a simple illustration of the working of these principles in society, and of our meaning in the foregoing remarks. Suppose two men, with their families, should establish themselves upon adjoining farms, on good soil, apart from the rest of the world, and with their wives and children, devote all their labor to the most judicious production of cattle, grain and the other common products which directly or indirectly support life. It is evident that at the end of a few years, this little society would be burdened with a surplus of such provisions, useless, so far as their own consumption is concerned.

Again, suppose that, finding they required less than the whole of their crops and animals, for their own support, they exchange with other societies a part of their surplus, for better clothing and furniture and implements than they had before used; so far as better clothing and furniture and implements give them increased power to produce the necessities of life, they would not lessen the annual surplus of their farms. They begin to give more attention to education, and the time of the children, and of some of the female adults, is taken from manual labor to be spent in a school. Still, as educated labor is more productive than uneducated labor, as the civilized white produces more ten-fold, by his own labor, than did the savage Indian, on the same soil—the actual product of the labor of the whole society may be increased by this devotion of time to education. So, if one or more members of the association give their whole time to the invention and construction of improved implements in husbandry, and the like, the annual surplus still remains.

But now, we will suppose that some of our society with their families have their happy valley, and visit foreign cities, and imbibe a taste for display and luxury, and undertake to copy, at home, the style of living they have seen abroad. One procures a carriage and horses, and persuades one of his neighbors to take care of his stable, and drive him and his family round the country for pleasure, while another builds an elegant house and devotes his whole time to ornamenting his grounds, and induces a couple of his neighbors to assist him in his schemes, while a third establishes a small theatre or opera, and entices a part of the young people of the society to turn actors, and the whole community to give a portion of their time to witnessing their performances.

The young ladies, we may suppose, having now some idea of fashion and dress, instead of taking part in the labor incident to farm life, such as making the butter and cheese, and taking care of the cows, devote all their time at home to working collars and undersleeves and embroidering their skirts. Beside all this, each of our ten families, which formerly supported itself, and had a large surplus, sends abroad and imports two or three servants, no matter of what color or nation, whose business it is not to work on the land, but to assist them to dress, to cook for them, and to wait at their tables, to run to the door when the bell rings, and the like.

A few of the society are still seen at work diligently on the land as formerly, but it is a discouraging task for them, while others are so gay and thoughtless, and apparently so happy, with their servants and horses, and fine houses, and stylish clothes, and it is hard to keep their hearts in their business, and they begin to pine for change in their mode of life.

Now look at our little community, and see an illustration of our leading idea. "At the end of the year it appears that there are several families who have raised no crops. There is abundance of good land lying close by. The few who have labored on in the old way, have enough for themselves, and but little more. Instead of looking forward and providing a large surplus, when they saw the rest of the society wasting their time and substance, they have sympathized with the general feeling of contempt, for their own calling, and have planted and reaped but little. But all must eat, and prices go up higher and still higher, and everybody inquires why it is so, and looks abroad over the whole earth for an answer.

Our illustration is finished. It might readily be carried more into detail, but it seems to us so plain, that a wayfaring man, though almost a fool, may read it. The remedy is two-fold, and will be eventually wrought out. The more simple style of life which our republican institutions require, will become more respected, as it is, indeed, respectable. Our farmers will become a more influential class in society, and will claim their true position. Enlightened labor will, with aid of steam and animal power, or become more and more productive, and our crops, produced at less cost, may be sold at lower prices.

In the meantime let us again urge on our own circle of readers, to make liberal arrangements for large crops the present season, in as much as whatever we regard as the causes of the present crisis, their effects are likely to endure far beyond the next harvest time. [N. E. Farmer.]

### Save Your Plums Now.

We begin to think this can be done without Mr. Matthews if not with him. We were yesterday on the grounds of one of our best horticulturists, and saw the application and have some faith in its success. Our friend thinks there is no chance for mistake about its efficacy. He informed us that he applied it last year, after the curculionids had begun their ravages, and that it not only saved those which were unstruck, but many of the plums on which the insect had left his card headed up and ripened well. The liquid enters the opened wound, and destroys the egg. This is the only remedy he has ever found to avail against this slippery enemy of one of our best fruits. His recipe is—

One peck of unbleached line,  
Six pounds of salt,  
One barrel of water.

This mixture is to be applied with a common garden syringe. If one application is not sufficient, repeat it. A single application answered with him last year.

No time is to be lost, as the young plums are already set, and the enemy has begun to shake himself. If a syringe is not to be had, sprinkle on the liquid in some other way. The mixture is cheap and easily applied, and every man who has a plum tree should try it. This is the most philosophical remedy we have yet seen suggested, and we commend it with more confidence than most new things to the notice of fruit growers. If it answers our expectations, it will be worth millions to the grower. Plums can be grown on loose, sandy lands as well as on clay soils, to which they have hitherto been mainly confined, on account of the ravages of this insect. The cultivation of this fruit may be indefinitely extended, and we may make our own dried plums instead of importing them from France.

Those who have Mr. Matthews' remedy in keeping should hurry up their secret, or they will be late for the fair.

[American Agriculturist.]

### Cutting Grain.

Mr. E. K. Jones.—In harvesting grain of all kinds, I am convinced from my own observation and experience, that we do not commence early enough. Grain that stands until it is dead ripe—especially wheat—makes darker food than that which is cut when in the milk, or about the time the kernels begin to plump. Last year, in order satisfactorily to test the correctness of this position, I cut one-half of a piece of wheat just at the time the grain was beginning to harden, and allowed the remainder of the piece to stand till it had matured. The grain cut in the milk was bound in small bundles, and stacked on grass land, where it remained for a fortnight, being protected from rain and heavy dews, by a cap, but exposed to the sun by removing them during the day time, when the weather was clear and fair. Both parcels were threshed separately, and weighed, and the first cut was found to be very superior to the last; the kernels were finer in the sample—more plump and farinaceous, the skin thinner and whiter, and the general appearance so different that, when placed side by side, it did not look like the same variety of wheat.

A like experiment on oats resulted in a similar way; and I am confidently persuaded that early cutting will be found in every respect preferable to late cutting. Another, and by no means unimportant consideration, is the superiority of the straw for fodder. Grain straw that stands until it is perfectly dead ripe, contains but little nutriment; all the exuberant juices are abstracted, and the straw is left as a mere husk of the plant remains; but when it is cut early, and properly cured, there is nearly as much alimentary matter in it, as in hay. Oat straw is generally regarded—and with justice—as of much greater value for feeding purposes, than the straw of wheat, barley or rye. Early cutting, with reference to this grain, is therefore of much more consequence, so far as the straw is concerned, than it is in the case of either of the varieties. But in all cases, the practice possesses a decided advantage over the old method.

Any person who is at all skeptical on this point, can with a very little difficulty satisfy himself of its correctness; by cutting a few stalks of wheat, and first cut—was all consumed by my cows, while that which was left till ripe, was rejected.

A. FRANKLIN PARKER.  
MONTGOMERY CO., June 24, 1855.  
[Germanstown Telegraph.]

## MISCELLANY.

### A Blessing in Disguise.

"But you are rich enough, Lauson. Let us leave this great city, and seek some more quiet home."

"No, no, Lydia. Business is my very life. I must make a little more money, before I give it up."

"Will you tell me, my husband, how much you would have now if you were to settle your business all up?"

"O! perhaps two hundred thousand dollars."

"And think, Lauson, only think how easily, how sumptuously, we could live upon the interest of that, and have much too, to bestow upon those who need our charity. Come, come, tell me that you will leave your business at once. I can see what you cannot see. You are undermining your constitution, and your health is fast leaving you."

"Pshaw, Lydia, you croak like a raven. I should lose my health, were I to leave my business. Don't you say any more now, for you see I am busy."

As the husband spoke, he turned to the little ebony *escritoire* which he kept in his parlor, and commenced overhauling and studying the various papers which lay there.

Lauson Watkins had seen his thirtieth year, and, young as he was, he had become what the world calls rich. At an early age he had entered the mercantile business, and fortune had smiled upon him. He had already amassed an abundant competency, but while he had been doing this, he had been losing his health. His organization was not one which would bear great mental excitement. His brain was large and active, his excitability intense, and his mind easily worried and tortured, and on the other hand his physical constitution was slight, and of a highly nervous temperament. For years he had applied himself to business without taking a respite, and the faster money came in upon him the more anxious and nervous did he become in his labors. Night and day did he labor over his shipments and invoices, and gradually, but surely, the joy of health was departing from him.

Dear Lydia Watkins saw all this. She saw the fearful disease marks that were growing upon her husband's countenance, but she could not persuade him to feel as she felt. He laughed at her for her fears, and yet while he laughed he felt the disease growing at his vitals. As the merchant sat there at his work, his anxious wife watched him with interest. His face was pale in the extreme, and the blue veins stood out upon his white brow and temples. His eyes were large and brilliant, but their brilliancy was not natural—it was a false nervous light that gleamed there. As he passed over a complicated invoice, relating to his own currency large amounts of foreign money, his long, white fingers worked nervously through his hair, and his wife heard him breathe hard. Oh, she knew that he could not live long so.

Then at a late hour he complained of a headache, and he had cleared ten thousand dollars by the cargo he had been disposing of, and he was pleased. That ten thousand dollars did not help give him content—it only served to spur him on to renewed exertions.

"Lydia," said Mr. Watkins after he had closed his *escritoire*, "have you seen your uncle Langrave to-day?"

"No."

"I am afraid he is going rather deeply into a dangerous speculation. For a week past I have been endorsing paper for him to a considerable amount. He helped me without stint when I commenced business, and I suppose I must help him now; but I hope he will be careful."

"Adam Langrave is a careful man," returned Lydia, "and I am sure he would not do that which would cause you to suffer."

"O, no, I don't think he would," said Watkins, and here the conversation dropped, for the young man's mind became again buried in his business.

Adam Langrave was an old man, and had been the foster father of Lydia. The girl had been left an orphan at an early age, and her husband had commenced his career as Langrave's clerk, and thus he became acquainted with the fair, virtuous girl whom he made his wife. Langrave had lately entertained a great project for making money, and it was in pursuance of this that he had called on Watkins for assistance.

On the day following the scene described above, Mr. Langrave called at Watkins' store and opened to the young merchant more fully his project. It was a vast one, but it promised a golden harvest, and after much deliberation Lauson entered into it. It looked feasible to him, he promised himself a rich return for his venture.

"Lydia, I am a ruined man!"

This was the exclamation of Lauson Watkins, as he entered the parlor one evening after a fortnight after his interview with Langrave. He was paler than usual, and every nerve was shaken with agitation.

"Ruined!" repeated his wife.

"Yes, Langrave has failed; he has entirely, completely sunk. Every cent is gone."

"But you are not all lost. Something can be saved."

"No, not a dollar. Fool that I was, I went in with him to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. I trusted to his hon."

The young man did not finish the word. He was excited, but had judgment enough not to hurt the feelings of his wife by speaking harshly of her uncle. He was for the while completely prostrated. The blow had

come upon him with a crushing weight and he felt it keenly.

The gentle wife moved to her husband's side, and placed her arm about his neck. She trembled violently, and it was with difficulty that she could speak.

"Do not blame my uncle too much," she murmured. "Everything is not lost. I am left to you, and I will do all that I can to help you. In your business trials I could not help you, but in your life trials you will find that I am not useless. Do not despair, dear Lauson, something may turn up to assist you."

The young gentleman did not speak. He returned his wife's embrace, and at that moment she saw more of real, grateful joy in his eye than she had seen there before for months.

At the end of the week, the young merchant's business was settled up, and he found himself the possessor of just the amount of personal property which the law allowed him. Everything had been swept away—every cent. Yet there was one thing that remained within his grasp. His wife held, by her own right, a small farm in the country. It was her birth-place—the old home of her childhood—and her uncle had secured it to her in such a manner that no misfortune of her husband could fall upon it. Lydia begged of her husband to find a home upon that farm. He hesitated a while, and then he consented. He had a first thought of procuring a clerkship, and trying once more to set himself up in business, but the way looked tedious to him—it seemed too hard to gain the place from which he had fallen, and he gave it up. It was too much for his pride to occupy a menial position now, and he turned away from the great city, weary and sick at heart.

The home which Lauson Watkins now received at his wife's hands was in truth a lovely abode. The farm was an excellent one, bearing the choicest of fruit, and capable of the most productive cultivation. The dwelling was a sweet little cottage, surrounded by great elms, with cherry and plum trees in front, while at a little distance, sparkling like silver in the sunbeams lay a lakelet into which a hundred babbling brooks poured their crystal tributaries. Lydia sold her jewels, and thus she realized enough to purchase a choice stock for the farm, besides having enough left to hire a trusty man to take charge of the grounds.

While Watkins was taking this step, Adam Langrave went off South, but where, no one saw himself know.

It was early spring when the fallen merchant moved upon the quiet farm, and the work must soon begin. He was not a man who could remain idle, and he took hold to help his man to do the work. It was new to him, but he found it by no means disagreeable. His appetite grew sharp, and he began to have a keen relish for food. The milk which came from his own cows tasted sweet to him. And then to see his little wife making and mending bread, all with her own hands—it was novel to him, but it possessed a charm, too, which was grateful.

Then he saw his children, a little girl and boy, playing upon the green sward in the garden, and he knew that they were growing healthier. By and by, he set his children to studying, and he himself heard them recite their lessons.

Before winter set in, the ex-merchant had become a real farmer. His crops had been good, and he experienced a strange pleasure in realizing that he had that he had gathered to his garner more than provision enough for the year to come.

But who shall paint the happiness of the devoted wife, when she saw her husband thus returning to himself. The bloom of health was upon his cheeks, his step was firm and elastic, his spirits were buoyant and free, and his soul had become centred in his home.

Three years passed away, and the pale, trembling, feverish merchant, had become a stout, healthy, rugged man. His home was the abode of every joy—a heaven upon earth.

It was in the evening. Mr. Watkins had heard his children recite their lessons and say their prayers, their mother had blessed and attended them to their bed. They had just sat down alone—the husband and wife, when some one rapped at the door. Lauson rose and opened it, and Adam Langrave entered the apartment. Lydia sprang to the old man's embrace, and she wept tears of joy to see her kind old uncle once more.

Langrave looked about him with some tenderness, and as he shook hands warmly with Lauson, he seemed doubtful about trusting his own senses. Could it be possible that the dying merchant had become such a lively man? The change to him was more surprising than it was to Lydia, for she had watched each slow development of returning health, while he saw it all at once. It was in truth a very wonderful change.

Quickly did Lydia prepare a simple repast for her uncle, and the old scenes were talked about. Lauson told how he had succeeded on his farm, and Langrave told where he had been in the south. The evening wore away pleasantly and agreeably. At length the old man remained silent for some moments, and Lydia began to tremble.

"Lauson," said he, "how would you like to go back into the city and enter into business again?"

"I couldn't do it," said the young man with a shudder.

"But I think I could raise the means."

"No, no, I am not fit for a merchant. Mine is a constitution that cannot live in such a business. O, I would not give up this sweet home for any establishment in the city. Ah, sir, I learned a great lesson when I came here—a lesson of life. I know that I should have been in my grave had I re-

mained in the city. I did not see it then, but I see it now. At first I thought the loss of my property was a calamity, but sir, it was a blessing—a blessing in disguise. Look at us now, and see are we not happy. And," continued Lauson, with increasing animation, "to-morrow morning you shall see my children. You will have to rise early, if you would hear their first shout of joy; and see their first smile of gladness."

"Thank God, Lydia," murmured the old man, as he turned towards his niece, your plan has been blessed.

Lauson Watkins gazed first at his wife, and then upon his uncle. He was puzzled. His wife caught his eager gaze, and with a convulsive movement she sprang towards him, and threw her arms about his neck.

"O, forgive me, my husband—forgive me!" she uttered, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Forgive you—for what? What does this mean?" gasped the young man, as he disengaged his wife's arms from his neck, and looked into her face.

"Why," said Adam Langrave, she wants you to forgive her for saving your life. Sit down Lydia, and I'll tell him all."

The wife sank into a chair, and then the old man resumed.

"I'll explain the mystery to you, in a few moments, Lauson. You know how deeply you were absorbed in harassing business, and how unceasingly you devoted your time to the mere acquirement of money. Your wife saw that you were losing your health and strength, that you were becoming entirely lost to her and her children, in the mad dash of money making. This latter burden she could have borne without a murmur, but when she saw that you were surely making your own premature passage to the grave, she thought to arrest your steps. She spoke to you and told you her fears, but you heeded them not. She saw that the hand of the destroyer was upon you, and that you only played the deeper into the excitement that was killing you. In this extremity she came to me and begged me to assist her in saving you. I knew of but one way, and I told my child that. She made me promise that I would carry it into execution. I went to work. It was a severe task, but I determined to perform it. I drew all your money away from you, and when I knew that I had your last dollar in my possession I pretended to fail. When I saw your misery upon the occasion I was tempted to disclose to you the plot, but I resolved that I would go through with what I had begun, at the same time, earnestly praying that it might all end for your benefit."

"And now," continued the old man, drawing a heavy package from his breast-pocket, "the description has lasted long enough. Here are two hundred and three thousand dollars. I took them from you to save your own life, and make my own dear child happy. I return them to you, believing that you will not blame me for I have done."

Lauson Watkins was bewildered at first, but gradually the cloud dispelled from his mind.

"O, Lauson—my husband—can you forgive me?"

The robed man strained his wife to his bosom, and while the warm tears rolled down his cheeks, he cried:

"Forgive you! No, no, my love, my angel of life—I have nothing to forgive. I can only bless you with my whole heart and soul. And you, too, my generous friend," he added, extending his hand to Langrave, "I must bless you also, I cannot tell you all I feel."

That was an evening of joy and thankful-

ness. On the next morning, Uncle Langrave was up early, but not early enough to catch the first smile of the children; for he found them coming in from the garden, with their hands full of flowers for their father and mother.

The children, the two oldest, had a faint recollection of Uncle Langrave, but they soon learned to love him; and so well did he love them, and all else about them, that he determined to make the cottage his home.

Lauson Watkins was once more a rich man, but he did not leave the home where he had so well learned the great lesson of life. He enriched it with rare fruits and pleasing ornaments, and then from out of his bounty he sought to do good for others. She was a happy wife, and they had happy children, and all of them had one of the most joyful, merry, laughter-loving old uncles in the world.

A POSE. A calm, blue-eyed self-composed and self-possessed young lady in a village "down east," received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C——. Now if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what











